BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER,

Mrs. George H. Pendleton-whose husband is again attracting attention as a Presidential quantity, particularly since he has carried Cincinnati by personal leadership and expenditure—is of Puritan origin, her carliest Maryland ancestor, Edward Lloyd, having been forced out of Virginia in 1650 for noncenformity. eldest son married Henrietta Maria Neale, named for the wife of Charles I, and born in Spain, and presumably Catholic, for from her sister Dorothy was descended Chief Justice Taney. Mrs. Pendleton's maiden name was Mary Alicia Lloyd Nevins Key. Her father was of a rather pioneer family. Her husband is somewhat her Her connections are extraordinary, embracia General Scott, " Admiral " Buchanan, John Morgan, the Howards, Carrolls, Chews, Taylors, etc. Her son Francis Key Pendleton-named for his grandfather, the outhor of the "Star Spangled Banner"—is a lawyer in this city. Mrs. Pendleton reared the children of her brother, Philip Barton Key, and gave them a new Western opportunity. Two of the daughters, at least, are married, and the son, James Swann Key, has been in th theatrical business here and eisewhere. If the genteel element of the Democracy should force the convention and put the party on the old aristocratic plane, Pendleton at any candidate yet named. His family hold is Southern, Western and Northern; he has political nerve in a high degree; his New-Jersey mother was of a family as keen for money as his father's for office and He combines the love of pleasure and display that Arthur has with gainful, conservative principles and has more fear of public opinion than of rivals or "Gentleman George" does not misbecom He has had the vitality and love of honors to rise for the third time to the plateau of leadership. He can always explain himself finely. His passing unpopula 4ty, if it be so, is to his advantage, since he will not want to be formidable until all the other candidates are agi

Leiter, the leading merchant of Chicago, who is negtiating for ex-Secretary Windom's residence at Washington, originated at Hagerstown, Md., as he recently told a gentleman here. His fortune was small till he bought out the business Potter Palmer had created. He has a million dollars invested, it is said, in the Mexican Central Railroad. Palmer is again clear of the world, having again devoted himself to inn-keeping with systematic at tention for many years. Field and Leiter began the mining beom in Colorado, which has swallowed so many side-fortunes, by discovering a productive mine there.

f The sporting tendency is a boil on the times and may ome an abscess unless lanced. Shoulder-hitters fight In the hotel corridors and on ferry-boats and the rawdy, always in abeyance here but close to the surface, may dash upon us this summer at half-protected watering ees, to show that he has the quality of Mr. Sullivan or is said that Mr. Walton, the patron of all athletic things, is to become the proprietor of the Branswick Hotel, which then ought to be named the (Nat) Langham.

Staten Island expects to be revived and made great again by the efforts of Mr. Wiman, who recently beat the old railroad and ferry corporation and drove out the venerable Jake Vanderbilt. Uncle Jake is cele brated for racing on Harlem Lane at the top of his speed, though blind as an owl, and when he is thrown out he holds the lines in his two remaining teeth and drags as hard as possible over the ground. He says horses haven't got the "staying powers" they had when he was n boy to drag anybody, and he thinks it's in the oats He was a drag on the Staten Island Railroad until the property-holders became desperate. Wiman, it is said, means to consolidate the two or three steamboat lines run one ferry to the Lighthouse landing—the nearest point to the city—and thence build a railroad around the Island beach from Port Richmond to Clifton, so as to distribute quickly and equally. What is saved on superfluous and rival steamers will operate these railroads and the steamers can run later at night, so as to give theatre facilities to the islanders. Staten Island three years ag had nearly ten millions of assessed property, nearly all of it real estate, and paid nearly \$400,000 annual taxes It had 39,000 people, five-fourteenths foreign, and the Irisa more than half the foreign. The great fee of the Island is the Standard Oil Company's belching refineries at Bergen Point.

Mr. James Keene, it is said, introduced gambling grain and produce futures to New-York City about 1876-77. In six years this form of betting has done more to clean out the speculating support of this city than all the tricks ever resorted to by stock-jobbers, and the author has not escaped the penalty paid by his pupils. The centre of speculation being out of the radius of responsi-bility at this point, and the Chicago brokers,—who take half of the commissions of their agents here,-bein smart and unscrupulous beyond any human parallel short of the monkey tribe, the game is a Chicago skin as much as the monte game which focalizes there, yet two thirds of the support of the Chicago Exchange is said to be New-York orders. A "siump," as it is called, is engineered at Chicago as soon as New-York is buying strong. anguish was extorted only last week from the pork and grain amateurs as the monotonous cry was heard from the dealer of " Black wins: the bank takes the stakes! Fill luck to him who gambles in his brother's bread

Judge Frederick Gedney has written an operetta libretto; Judge Barrett and wife made a play some tim ago, which Wallack's considered and postponed.

John McCullough replied to some questions I ad dressed him here during last week as follows: "I pre-sume I have seen the entire band of men John Wilkes Booth was drilling for his scheme to kidnap President Lincoln, yet he never introduced me to any of them, but would turn aside when he might accidentally fall upon them at his room and say: 'John, you don't want to b bored with those flats. Come along!' I think the sim plicity of my devotion to the stage and my desire to rion it saved me from his confidence. He saw no political mettle in me. His own temptation sprang, perhaps, from not loving his art enough to be satisfied with it. Actors in all times have been very close to the spirit who make conspiracies. Shakespeare could have bee in the Gunpowder Plot, as he was only forty years old when it was discovered in that circle that frequented h Booth once took me riding, much against my will, on horseback, to show me, he said, a good way get out of town. Said I: 'John, I'm sore as a hard-boiled egg and want to leave by the train. I found him once in boots, spurs and gauntiets, with a knife, pisto and map of Maryland before him, and he sprang upon ne like a watch-dog. Another time he borrowed \$100 of me to come to New-York and get some rebel friend ou of prison; he was poor and so was I, and I had to rake to get the money and he to pay it back. I found his ward robe in Canada and sent it to his mother; he had shippe it to Nassau and the vessel had been wrecked. I thin he had little money, though he did make some in specula His mind was very intense; he always was a ern man. When his name came out as the assas Southern man. sin, the scales fell from my eyes and I interpreted what

The beer season is here; in the greatest New-York breweries now the beer is not put in vaults but on floors above ground and kept cold by ammoniated liquids absorb the heat as they vaporize and save one fourth of the storage room, thus giving, in a brewery lik Yuengling's, which stored with ice only 140,000 barrels, room for 200,000. Ale is not decreasing in consumption that brewer tells me, and it does not cost so much a beer. Three months' ripening is striven for by a brewers of reputation and the problem is to meet the supply, yet keep the three months' store up. To collect the money on beer is the financial point, and hence as a brewer gains fame, he weeds out his customer keeping the best only. Hops are now so dear that the are called " the brewers' diamonds " and \$150,000 worth in stock is not uncommon at a single brewery. American hops are now at the height of their potency and not behind the hop of effete Europe anywhere.

John C. New said to me of Secretary Gresham last Monday: " He is not inferior in natural ability and fore of will and character to any man who ever occupied the Presidential scat. I concede this from a conviction that it is true, although I have not been of Mr. Gresham's train. He has strong prejudices, is imperious, ofter lacks magnanimity if not charity, but he is strong, originally in the control of the con inal, positive: a man booted and spurred to ride into th Presidency. Arthur has created a candidate unques tionably in ca'ling Gresham to his counsels and giving him that huge department." " Can be beat McDonald in Indiana?" I asked. "Yes. Popular as McDonald is, Gresham will outweigh 11m in public confidence and admiration there. He can carry the State."

At the dinner to Dr. Holmes somebody might have founded a poem on this incident, of which I have just been told: A husband, young, fond, full of joy and nope, citting at the breakfast table in this city three weeks ago, unddenly spoke to his wife: "Darling, are you there t Why, I cannot see you! I am blind." They called in an coulist immediately. "This is beyond my craft," he was on the theme of drawing a said; "it is your kidneys, not your eyes; your sight is through that sequestered district.

poisoned." The regular practitioner then came in-"Make your will," he said, "I give you one month to live". The condemned man set to work at once, cleared up his estate, and yesterday they buried him. So " work while it is day," for the Bright's cometh when no man can work. Mr. Charles Blackie, Republican leader in the VIIIth Congressional District, has just been ordered rom the hospital to the country with kidney disease.

I saw General Hancock during the week walking in the afternoon; time has hardly spared him. [He looks nearly as large and almost as un wieldy as General Scott. His skin is of a copper-red hue and a white mustache lies upon it like a mutton chop with the wool outside roast-ing on the coals. I thought of the expression "Go and get some of the hair of the same dog and put it on the

The Hon, R. P. Flower is a Presidential quantity; h was a formidable candidate against Cleveland, who has receded, while Flower is going forward again. Mr. Flower has a million dollars in his business. He can put half a million in a better business. He wants the business. The convention will immediately mark up the market rates on reading this advertisement and remark to candidate Tilden: "The flour barrel opens well; what are the quotations for garden seeds to

Philadelphia real estate, I hear from persons with strong and central property interests there, does not ad-vance, one reason being the expansibility of the site and centrifugal endgration; around the great public buildings, now three-fourths done, rents languish, and there is little speculative demand. There is a natural protection in the topographical limits of New-York that nothing can mark down; a steady increase is as reliable here as the Hudson River: a speculative increase is not to be en-couraged here. Does protection protect I Ask the Ful-

General Thomas Ewing is a New York quantity, hav ing been in practice here with Mr. Southard for two of three years. The Democratic nomination is the biggest prize it has been since 1852, and Tom Ewing was the choice of the convention of 1868, till Frank Blair raised

As a man with an involuntary ear, I am bound to say that ex-Senator Dorsey is not without sympathizers in the business bouses of this city. I know at least tw merchants here who regard the long prosecution and double trial of him as stretching the limits of the most brutal gratitude, and these are men who always gave liberally to Repu lican campaign funds and consider Dorsey to have carried Indians. "The President," said one of these, "knows how Dursey did it and confessed it in a public speech, yet allows his master. Bliss, to worry Dorsey out of his last crust of bread, while drawing the salary Dorsey's labors conferred upon him." Said I to sainty Borse, a many this person: "You are not a reformer, I fear;" "No. said he, "I am one of these old-fashioned men who be Heve that reciprocity is a good way toward honesty, especially where the tricks, not to say the honors, are easy," "But," said I, "consider the awful public exunple." Said he, " Is anything more awful than Glester's desertion of Buckingham or Charles the First feeding Strafford's bead to the Parliament !"

The defalcation in the Controller's office seems to point the moral only that neither in a system nor a period is numan nature above the infirmities of extravagance and peculation. Andrew H. Green was the Controller, they say, when Carroll was appointed, and Green was the very bull-jine of reformers. Yet, with the late examples of Connolly and Sweeny before him, Carroll illustrated the perpetual necessity of watching the white man. Under President Hayes's eyes the Star Route grand farceny went on. We put too much faith in mere resolu tions and not enough in steady vigilance, and that is wh better men," as they are called, do not acquit them selves politically like routine party leaders. William L Marcy rather overtops any New-York man ever known for efficient services as Governor and Cabinet officer, but he is the author of the worst saying in politics.

A Middle State friend of Senator Harrison of Indiana writes to me: "Upon the announcement of Judge Gre-sham's nomination as Postmaster-General, I said to my family that it was an effort to destroy Schuler Harrison But I apprehend that this move of the President's wil only strengthen Harrison's cause. He is so averse to the idea of seeking the nomination, or bearing the beein his bonnet, or being spoken of, that no one of his friend could approach or get anything from him upon the matter of Judge Gresham's appointment; but the indirect attempt to put it as due in part to the influence of Gen eral Harrison, who has never approached the President on the maiter of appointments voluntarily if at all, tends to confirm the view we hold that it is intended to dispo-

Mr. Richardson, one of the architects of the State Cap itol at Albany, who is a grandson of Joseph Priestly, the philosopher, or possibly a great-grandson, has designed the new house for Colonel Nicholas Anderson in Washand by others as the most unique and effective house there. Colonel Anderson is a nephew of Major Robert Anderson. He considers Washington society the most delightful on this continent, chiefly because of its blended amiability and intellectuality and the absence of any factitious spirit in social things. Colonel Anderson epublican, but is apprehensive that the Republicans He says the German question has played its part, but the long continuance of the party in control has bred a cer tain indifference to the opposition coming into power, particularly since it acquiesces in nearly all the measures the Republicans have impressed into the body of

I hear that President Arthur does not always turn his back on Mr. Blaine, but that he went up to the latter's house some time ago and spent the whole evening genia'ly and juvenile-like.

The statue of Robert Fulton, the gift of Pennsylvania to the old Hall of Representatives, I had a peep at during the week; it is not only fairly good as a figure, but it breaks up the monotony of the numerous other statues which are all erect, posing, posturing, argaing or per suading. Mr. Fulton is sitting on a sort of work chair, with his coat off and in his shirt sleeves; he looks refreshfor and native compared with all those stern men with Roman togas around them and knee breeches, who seem to have come out of the British Parliament. The ciothing of Fulton is rather coarse, the grain of his wooller stockings being rough enough to be worn by Robert Burns; and I said to myself for a moment when I stood before it: There is more of Robert Burns than Robert Fulton here." Fullon's fine artistic head, however, soot brought his identity forward. The model of the steam boat which he holds is probably a foot and a half long, and he does not seem to be holding it as if to say whoop-la!" but rather like a man who having struck happy yet still broaching objections that might have to be met. There was a foolish outery against Fulton being taken for one of the subjects of statuary because New-York gave him the money and opening. A good many Pennsylvanians would lose their birthright if this argument were to stand. A gallery of American typical men without Pulton in it, as one can now see, would not only lose one of the greatest subjects but would also adhere too much to stiff parliamentary models. Our art gets continually better as we make it more realistic and tel

Vesterday was the eighteenth anniversary of the aseassination of Abraham Lincoln; Good Friday in 1865 happened on the fourteenth of the month. It was on Easter Sunday following that Dr. Samuel Mudd, coming home from the Catholic church near his farm, revealed to his consin, Dr. George T. Mudd, the fact that two strangers had stopped at his bouse the previous morning, Saturday, and "one of them called for a razor and shaved his face, thereby disguising himself." The reason this communication was made to George Madd was that he had been an unqualified. Union man, and besides a man of thorough conscience yet a devout Catholic, one of the Last Tuesday, in order to realize the appearance of that region of country at the season of the year when Booth traversed it, I rode in a carriage with a friend from Washington City to Surrattsville, thence to Reeves's church where Mudd worshipped, and thence to Bryantown, the little emporium of that district, where Boot

odged on his first visit to Lower Maryland. I spent last Thursday evening with Dr. George Mudd, talking over Mrs. Surratt and his cousin, recently de-ceased, who was also his medical pupil, and Harold, Anna Surratt, Atzerodt and all the rest. The next morning I drove out to the Bryantown Catholic church and saw the new made grave of Dr. Sam Mudd, who was buried only a few weeks ago, and the sexton opened the church to me and I felt myself in that sacred inclosure as if I was in the very spot where the devil had alighted among the worshippers on this earth; for there Booth walked in on the Sabbath morning as the strange guest a letter from the partner of Thomassen,-afterward the Bremen dynamite flend; on the large cedar-strewn lawn before the church he had been introduced to Dr. Mudd. whom he so scon brought into his toils, and there he heard the worship and the tinkling of the bell and saw the bowing before the Host, and all the while his mind was on the theme of drawing a trail of blood and fire " MARZO PAZZO."

Mad March, with the wind in his wings wide spread, Leaps from heaven, and the deep dawn's arch Hails re-risen again from the dead Mad March.

Soft small flames on rowan and larch Brenk forth as laughter on lips that said Nought till the pulse in them beat love's march. But the heart-heat now in the lips rose-red Speaks life to the world, and the winds that parch Bring April forth as a bride to wed Mad March. A. C. SWINBURNE.

MY TERRIBLE WEDDING-DAY

At the house of my dear old friend and patron, Dr.

At the house of my dear old riched and parton, Dr. Grey, I first met Edgar Harrington.

We fell in love with each other at first sight.

About two months before my tale commences, Mr. Harrington had come from the south, of England to Leascar as assistant engineer to the new line of railways in process of construction along the coast, a rival line to that which already connected our small seaside village with the large commercial

city of N—.

I. Léonie Sylvestre, was at this time nineteen. My mother—an Englishwoman—died at my birth. My father—a French professor of music, many years resident in Leascar—had heen dead about twelve months; and I, having a good voice and considerable knowledge of music, maintained myself by giving lessans to the principal inhabitants of this small northeast coast watering-place. I hated teaching, however, and facked patience for the drudgery entailed; therefore when Mr. Harrington asked me to become his wife, even had I loved him less, I believe I could have marred him. 'Miss Sylvestre': Léonie': I must walk home with von to-night,' Mr. Harrington whispered as he turned a page of my music on one memorable evening at a whist and musical pacty given by Dr. Grey.

His tones and looks caused my heart to neat loud with hope, for they told me more plannly than his words had ever done—he leved me. Making, there-fore, some excuse to my usual escort from these weekly gatherings. I dismissed her: Edgar and I walking alone together for almost the first time in

out lives.

'Leonie, do you love me ! Do you love me well enough to follow me to the world's end!' he asked is an agitated voice the moment we were outside.

Dr. Grey's gate.

'Must I-follow you?' And a wave of guadness.

Lynised my eyes to his

'Must I—follow you?' And a wave of gladness seemed to sweep over me as I raised my eyes to his in the November moonlight.

'No, my darling,' was his answer; 'go with me, I should have said. And you will—I read it in your face. God t less you for that. Yesterday t dares not have asked you such a question, for I was a poor man, then. To-day my prespects have brightened. I received a letter this morning offering me an approximation of the latter that the which will make a rich man of ment in ludia which will make a rich man of me. But, if I accept the post, I am bound in honor to leave England on Wednesday next. Will you-can you-trust your life's happiness to my keep-

Ing t'

I answered at my heart's dictation, 'Yes.'

Then Edgar gave me to understand that he had no relatives in the world, and we rejoiced mutually that we were thus arbiters of our own tates. No one had a right to mar our plans.

'A clever, rising young fellow in his profession, doubtless,' said Dr. Grey to me, when he had heartily congratulated me on my engagement, 'and a gentleman all over. But he has no head for whist.'

Whise being the doctor's favorite recreation, he

whise being the doctor's favorite recreation, he was accustomed to make it rather a test point of a man's ability. My answer was inevitable.

'I do not care for whist, doctor.'

'And you do care for Edgar Harrington? Then marry him and be happy. I make only one proviso, and that is—I must myself give the bride away!'

Little enough time was there for preparations, but Edgar undertook to make all necessar; arrangements; even to the ordering of my India outlit which was to be ready on our arrival in London.

don.
On Saturday I said my last goodby to my lover—so soon to be my husband—when he told me it would be impossible to see me again until we wet in church on Monday morning; but the certainty that on Monday we two were to be unde one for ever caused me to think lightly of the few hours'

Lightly? Ah, how little oid I dream of the terrible catastrophe destined to happen in that interim! As it will be necessary later in my story for you to have some idea of Edgar's personal appearance. I will endeavor to describe him here. In figure slight and agile, he was rather under than above the medium height. His complexion a clear olive, with eyes that were deep-set, oach, expressive, and a mose in outline almost Grecian. A heavy, drooping, dark moustache entirely concealed his mouth. His manner, naturally retuing, in company almost approached slyness; but at all times be had a quiet way of deferring to the opinions or precodies of those with whom he talked which showed itself in strong contrast to the rougher, more rugged manzers of the north-country men.

I rose early on Monday morning—long before daylight—and was ready in my travelling-dress when Dr. Grey called for me in his carriage. I remember leaning on his arm as I walked up the aisle of the little country church. I remember seeing, as in a dream, in the early and still misty morning light, a solitary ligher standing just outside the altar rada, next whom I took my place. The service at once commenced and proceeded to the close.

Will any married woman who has read thus far, try and remember it, during the ceremony, she looked at the face of the man to whom she was being united? I believe most women would tell me they never raised their eyes. Any how, this was my case. The ring was on my finger, the blessing given; I was led to the vextry on the bride-groom's arm. A timepiece chiming as we entered separation. Lightly f Ah, how tittle gid I dream of the terri

was my case.

It was led to the vestry on the bridgeroom's arm.

A timepiece chiming as we entered gave warning that it was later than we expected.

Dr. Grey jocularly horried in forward to sign our

names.

Edgar wrote his and placed the pen between my Edgar wrote his and placed the pen between my flagers. After writing my old signature for the rast time. Hooked up at my husband, then stared bewildered, startled at the change I saw in him. At the first glance I scarcely recognized him, the lower part of his face being completely altered. His dark monstache—the admiration of all the girls in Leascar—had disappeared.

A deep flush spread itself over his countenance as his eyes met mine. He bit his under hip and looked

When the last farewells to the few kind friends When the hat larewells to the lew kind lifeholds who saw us off at Leasear station had been spoken, and the train had started for N—, an uncomfortable feeling of embarrassment crept over me on fading myself alone with Edgar. He would have taken my hand, but involuntarily I drew back; then seeing his took of chagrined surprise. I suffered o kiss me, but could not repress a slight shiver as he did so.
'Why do you shrink from me, Léonie?' he asked

For the silliest reason in the world when put into

'For the siliest reason in the world when put into words, I answered, oute happy and laughing now, with a sudden, strange revulsion. "Only because the man I promised to marry had a monstache, and you have none. What unreasoning, foolish creatures we are! But it changes your face so completely that I hard'y knew you."

You are quite sure you have no other reason!' he inquired, with more cardestness apparently than the constitution needed.

'Quite sine. What other reason could I have? But you had no right to make such a change in your appearance without my leave, Edgar—the very day of our marriage! Way did you do it?' I asked playfully: all the time looking at him intently, and trying to learn his face over again, and, What other reason could I have !

as it were, get used to it.
'I will tell my darling all about it some daywhen we are far away upon the sea. Would we were there now! he added fervently. And I noticed that his hips trembled nervously after he had

were there now: he added revently, And I holiced that his lips trembled nervously after he had spoken.

In less than half an hour we reached N—. There we had barely time to take our seats in the 10 o'clock express for London. It was not possible to have a compartment to ourselves. An old gen tleman, winte-headed, speciacied, with the best-tempered tooking face I almost ever saw, occupied that which we entered. He was enveloped in rugs, and studying his newspaper with the deepest attention. Except by a switt, expressive glance from a pair of deep-set, small black eyes he did not appear to notice our intrusion.

Stocks and shares, Parliamentary debates, or what?—for itwas not a comic paper he was reading—I wondered vaguely, as I watched the ruday, joval face. Edgar spoke to me in winspers from time to time, but the consciousness of being a bride, and the fear of being recognized as one by our fellow-traveller, made me reluctant to respond.

Shortly before arriving at York, the old gentleman coughed, took off his spectacles, and leaning forward with a pleasant smile, oliered me his newspaper. I was about to take it when Edgar interposed by reaching out his hand. The old man looked surprised.

'Ha! I believe I have another.' And with a twinkle in his eyes, opening his bag, he took one

I believe I have another.' And with a

twinkle in his eyes, opening his bag, he took on out and held it toward me. It was impossible to resist a mischievous gianc at Edgar, as, settling myself in my corner, I turned It was impossible to resist a mischievous glance at Edgar, as, settling myself in my corner, I turned over the large sheets preparatory to reading it. But again my newly made husband interposed. Again he took the paper from me. 'Léonie,' he said authoritatively, 'don't lead in the train. Please. I ask you not.'

Too bad of Edgar! Was it because I could not talk with him in whispers that he sought to punish me? But the words so lately spoken: 'Love, honor'and obey,' came to my mind, and I quietly yielded.

We lunched at York. Afterward, as I stood alone by the bookstall, our fellow-traveller came up to me.

to me. 'Choosing a novel, my dear!' he asked, in the fatherly way that old men sometimes adopt even to a stranger, and which somehow one rather likes to hear. 'Take my advice—don't. Look here,' he added, pointing with his walking-stick to a conspicuous white placara, whereon large black letters announced the latest news; 'save the money you are about to spend on a novel, and buy a penny paper instead. Can any novel hold out such promises as those? Why, that alone,' he went on, arresting his stick at the words: "Horrible dis-

covery. A lady supposed to have been murdered in a railway carriage. The murderer at large." That alone is sufficient sensation for a whole journey A three-volume remance hes hidden under those few words. But the truth will out. Sooner or later the British public will know all about it. Did you ever read DeQuincy's "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Aris?"

ever read DeQuincy's "Merder Considered as One of the Fine Aris f" "No!" I answered, looking at him in wonder, and feeling half amused, halt surprised at being so addressed by a stranger.

"I was quite a young fellow, quite, when I first read it, he went on, but it made such an impression on me that I took to studying murder from that day. Don't be alarmed, I only took to studying it, I tell you; and when I want a little relaxation for my mind I study it now. There's nothing better calculated to take one out of one's self than to enter heart and soil into a downright, regular, atrocious murder case. Bless you, there's not one taken place these fifty years that I haven't followed with absorbing interest, and I know more about them than judge and jury and all the rest of them put together—not omitting the murder't himself, myshap. Ha" he exclaimed, 'the London vapers! Now then for "further particulars." And he turned to select some newly placed upon the stall.

stall.
'Léonie! What are you doing there? I thought
I had lost you. Ceme! eried Edgar, more impatiently than I had ever heard him sneak, as he
dragged the toward the carriage. What could have
come over him?
I had abundant food for thought for some time
after this. The subject of the Logar, It was not

after this. The subject of it—Edgar. It was not bis appearance only that was changed. It was him self. He was irritable. He looked harassed, worried, ill. The unportant post he had accepted no doubt brought anxieties, and held responsibilities which weighted on him, and as yet he had had no the control of the control of the property of them to me. But, in chance to explain the nature of them to me. But, in the meanwhile could no not put them from him for a little space? Was it not rather hard on me that little space? Was it not rather hard on me that to should be so taken up with them to day—our

ie should be so taken ap welding day f 'Biess me!' bless me!' ejaculated our fellow-traveller presently, laying down his paper and turning his beaming countenance full upon me.

1 hope you found the supposed murder case a real one, and as thrilling as you expected, sir ? I

asked, with interest.

'I anticipate it will prove the best mental distraction I have had for years,' he answered emphatically. As your husband objects to your reading fraily. As your husband solects by your reads in the train, young lady, I will tell you the facts as far as they have come to light. On Saturday when the late train from the north arrived in London, a lady was found in a first-leas carriage, dead, under more than suspicious circumstances. The supposed nurderer-

murderer—'
'Murderer? How do you know she was murdered?' interrupted Edgar excitedly.
'I do not know it. As yet no one knows it. I am only telling what the newspapers say. But I'll take care I know a good deal more before I am many hours older. In the meanwhile, with your leave, I will relate—' leave, I will relate

leave, I will relate—'
But you have not my leave. On the contrary, I rought you will not mention such—an unpleasant subject before—m wile.' How strange, how uncourteons how unlike all I had ever seen or heard of Edem.' of Edgar! 'Dear me! I'm exceedingly sorry, I'm sure. You

Dear me! I'm exceedingly sorry, I'm sure. You don't like murders?

'Certainly not. I hate them.'
Whereon the old man settled himself into his corner to sleep, a placil smile upon his good-natured face, and when I was sure of being unobserved I crept closer to Edgar, and slipped my hand into his. 'I wish we were at our journey's end. I wish we were far, far upon the sea.' I whispered, hoping thus to soothe him.

'How fervently I wish it, God only knows,' he answered in the same low tones, drawing me to him; and I trembled as I looked up into his anxious face. Suddenly a terrible, scarce delined fear assailed me. 'Edgar,' I whispered, 'you are not surely afraid that anything will—will—part us now!'

Hotel.'
The hotel we were going to ourselves. He three his rig over his arm, took up his bag, then looking round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next moment he was lost in the crowd.
'Any luggage, sirl' asked a porter as Edgar helped me out of the carriage.
'Yes, Darling, stay here a moment while I go and see to it.'
So saying, my husband went off with the porter toward the ingrage-van, and I was left standing under the full glare of a gas lamp, alone.
The noments leasthened into minutes, and with every minute the crowd graw less. Cab after cab, close by where I stood, laden with baxed drawe off in turn. After what appeared an age, at length I saw three persons coming quickly toward me. The minute faces in the gas-light. My husband's was pale and drawn, and as he came quite near I noticed a nervous tricking of the lips; though, in spite of it, he tried to smite.

nervous twitching of the lips; though, in spite of it, he tried to smite.

Darling, he smit with an unsteady voice, but quite loud enough such his companions; darling, I cannot go we is you. This—this—person—indicating one of the nen—will accompany you to the Charing Cross Holel, where I telegraphed for rooms this morning. In an hour or two I hope to join you. You may be sure the business must be imperative that takes me from you.

O Edgar! Business—now!

Don't make it harder for me. Léonie! And the sorrowful, pleading tone awed me instantly into silent acquiescence.

sorrowful, pleading tone awed me instantly into silent acquiescence.

The two men must have heard each word, but both kept their eyes averied, and the peculiar stollidity on the countenance of the one seemed to reflect itself on that of the other. With a silent handclasp, Edgar and I parted, and I was driven off in a cab as fast as the crowded state of the London streets per nitted.

On reaching Charing Cross Hotel, the man whom Edgar hard sent with me on the box fully waited to

Edgar had sent with me on the box only waited to see the luggage in and to know the number of the apartments allotted to us -1 saw him enter it in his poozet-book—and then, without a word to me, he

departed.

I was shown into a handsome suite of rooms on the first floor. Numerous candles lighted up the pretty siting room, a bright fire burned in the grate, near which was a small round dining table. rate, near variety and flowers, and covers laid for wo. The quantity of lovely flowers made the air eavy with perfume.

A little later on, emerging from the bedroom, I

A little later on, emerging from the bedroom, I found a waster removing one of the covers. He incurred if he should serve dinner than. Not until my husband came, I told him.

'fardon, madam,' he said deferentially, 'but the dinner was ordered for this hour, and the person who saw to the luggage said it was the gentleman's wish he should not be waited for.'

'I cannot dine alone,' was my only answer, with difficulty choking back a sob; and when the man had left the room i shed tears in the torlormess of my position—a busbandless bride! In vain I inhaled the swestness of the lovely flowers that Edgar's forethought had provided; they only seemed to add new bitterness to my heart, causing my tears to break out afresh.

Restless and feverish, I alternately paced the

Realiss and feverish I alternately paced the rooms or stood listening for the slightest sound that might heraid my husband's coming. All at that might heraid, my husband's coming. All at once my glame fell on a heap of newspapers lying on a side-table, and the sight of them recalled an incident of our journey. I would follow our fellow-traveller's advice and seek distraction for my mind in reading of the murder which had so engrossed him. What I wanted was easy enough to find! It occupied a conspictions place in the first paper I took up. The heading was in large type, as though it were the most important topic of the day. It is needless—and would be ted ous—to give here the whole of the newspaper account. It will be sufficient for my purpose if I retain the style of the criginal, condensing it as much as possible, as follows: inal, condensing it as much as possible, as follows:

When the last train—from the north reached Lon When the last train from the north reached London on Saturday night, a lady was discovered in a first-class carriage, dead. On examining the compartment there seemed abundant evidence of a struggle having taken place. A doctor—a surgeon from one of the London Hospitals, whose name, for certain reasons, I withhold—gave it as his opinion that death had been caused by strangulation. That that death had been caused by strangulation. That robbery had been the incentive to the terrible crime seemed only too apparent from the fact that some sovereigns and silver were scattered on the floor, also that a broken watch-chain hung from the lany's pocket, whence the watch appeared to have been violently wrenched. There was no clew to the unfortunate lady's identity. Her appearance and dress were both minutely described. The latest accounts stated that the police believed themselves on the track of the dastardly perpetrator of the crime. tor of the crime.

How was it that, although I read this so attentively, and can even now recall every word, it yet failed at the time to produce the effect I coveted failed at the time to produce the effect I coveted? It was powerless to make me forget, even for a moment, my own forforn position—a deserted bride.

When I had finished reading I looked at the time-piece. It was nearly 10 o'clock. At this moment a man was ushered in by the waiter. I recognized him at once as the man who had come on the cab from the station.

The newspaper was still lying spread out before me on the table. Resting my hands upon it, I looked at the intruder. 'Do you come from Mr. Harrington?' I asked.

'I do, ma'am.'

'You have brought me a message?'

'A note.'

'A note.'
So saying, he strode ferward and Iaid a folded alip of paper before me. A small key fell from it as I opened it. These words were scrawled in pencil: 'Dearest—Inclosed is key of my portmanteau. The bearer has my instructions.—E. H.'
'I'm here to open the gentleman's portmanteau, ma'am; and the sooner you show it me the quicker things will get done.'
'But we save not been out of England.' I began,

wish we were far, far upon the sea! I whispered, hoping thus to soothe him.

'How fervently I wish it, God only knows,' he answered in the same low tores, drawing me to him; and I trembled as I looked up into his anxious face. Suddenly a terrible, scarce defined fear assailed me. 'Edgar,' I whispered, 'you are not surely afraid that anything will—will—part us now!

'Would you allow anything to part us, Léonie!' he inquired sadly.

'No power on earth!' I answered. And 'though he étid not speak, I knew that he believed me. At about a quarter to 5 o'clock the train thundered note the railway station at King's Cross. The atternoon had been unusually dark and gloomy. A dense fog was setting in. The lamps were lighted.

Our fellow-traveller, rousing from his long slumber, collected his papers and placed them in his travelling-bag. As he closed the lid, he took hold of a label attached and turned it over, thus exposing the address. Without the least desire to do so, I could not help seeing what was written. It was this: 'Sentinus Gooderingham, Charing Cross flotel.'

The hotel we were going to ourselves. He three his rang over his zen, took up his bag, then looking round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next round at us, raised his hat and smil

innocent—I know he is innocent. We were on marized this morning. Mr. Gooderingham, some thing tells me that you can save him!

It has been said that man is guided by reason woman by impulse; but I should say woman

woman by impulse; but I should say woman's guide is instinct, rather than impulse, in such a case as mone. Some strange instinct—most surely it was not reason—caused me to believe this man could save Edgar. So firm was the belief that it gave me itritious strength, and when I had related every detail that was known to me, I asked:

'Now that you know all, what will you do?'
'But I don't know all, returned Mr. Gooderingham. 'I only know one side yet, gud that very imperfectly; and I say that, so far as circumstantial evidence goes, it's enough to hang your husband or any other man. But now I'll work up the other side, of course.'

To prove my husband's innocence?'

faith in Edgar's innocence was complete. To know the truth would prove it.

Mr. Gooderingham sat for some moments silent, lost in thought. Presently he asked: By the bye, you said there was a dismond monogram upon the watch?

Again for a few seconds he looked thoughtful, as

Again for a few seconds he looked thoughtin, as though his mind were occupied by other matters than the case in point. There was a pained, far-away look in his eyes.

I suppose these fancy watches are pretty common now, he continued, more as though speaking his thoughts aloud than addressing himself to me. his thoughts alond than addressing himself to me'I didn't think so once, and imagined I had chosen
a present quite unique, when I presented one, such
as you describe, to a lady. Poor thing, she was
very proud of it time. Dear me, dear me! It is
only like the other day, that she— Were you able
to make out the letters, or was it one of those undecipherable menograms that may stand for anything? he asked, as though a new channel for
thought were onered out.

decipherable manograms that may stand for anything I' he asked, as though a new channel for thought were opened out.

'The letters were quite plain: they were M. G.' If I had enddenly accused him of the murder he could hardly have started more visibly.

'What' he cried, bending forward, and grasping spasmodically both arms of his chair. 'Not M. G. in Roman letters, on a dark blue ground Don't tell me that. Don't! Pon't!

'But it is the truth, Mr. Gooderingham You have described the watch exactly. Those two letters stood out quite clearly on a ground of dark blue ename!. But you have discovered a clew! Tell me!—for pity's sake tell me.—'

He jumped up, seized his hat, and was rushing from the room. Vaintyl sought to bar his bussage.

'Useless to detain me. I can't explain. In the morning I will tell you all I know. It may be all a mistake, but—dear! dear! ita' coming perilously near home.'

near home.'
With these enigmatical words, he left me and turried down the stars. Then slowly and sadly I sought my room, where sitting down by the window, I kept my loner viril. When anthright struck, I knew my wedding day was ended. As the gray cown brightened, the feg and smoke to some extent dapersed, and the November sun, like a great red ball of lire, rose higher and higher in the heavens. Was it an angury that my darkest hour was past?

est hour was past?
Some time after noon, a commissionaire brought me n tiny, twisted note. It contained the se words, written in pencil, hurriedly, in Edgar's hand. 'All is well. In an hour, or less, I shall be with you.' But the reaction was too much. I flung myself upon the bed and sobbed alond.

A short half hour more, and I was in Edgar's aims, laughing and crying alternately at the strange my of it, and in my newly found handings forcet.

atms, laughing and crying alternately at the strange joy of it, and, in my newly found happiness forgetting to inquire, and scarce caring to know, how it had come about. But after a little time I knew, and, as briefly as possible, I will relate it here.

When Edgar reached N—after parting with me on Saturday afternoon, he found a telegram awaiting him from the firm of engineers who had given him the Indian appointment. It stated that the head of the firm was obliged, unexpectedly, to start for Paris next day, and desired Edgar, if possible, to meet him in London first, to receive his final instructions. There was just time to save the + o'clock express to town, and Edgar left by it, judging it best not to inform me of his sudden and unexpected departure. He travelled alone from York to Peterborough.

York to Peterborough.
At the last-named station, when, after a few minntes' delay, the train was on the point of starting,
a voung lady, apparently in a state of consucerable excitement, ran along the platform, and, pushing past the guard who was about to close the door, jumped into the carriage beside my husband. They had proceeded some distance before she had sufficiently recovered breath to speak, but at last, sufficiently recovered breath to speak, but at last, in gasps, she made him understand she had no ticket, and no money; that she had run away from some great dauger, and if he would have pity on her and turnish her with sufficient funds to pursue her journey, she would give him the address of her uncie, by whom he would be repaid. Her strange, excited manner alarmed my husband. Hoping to calm her he handed her his purse, requesting her to take what money she required. He saw her help herself to gold and silver. Then, with the money and purse still in her hand, she took out her watch and tried apparently to detach it from the chain. Too impatient to effect this properly, she tore it off by sheer force, breaking at the same time the slender plain chain of Indian gold to which it was fastened. Then, placing the watch, together with the purse, in Edgar's hand, she said:

*Take that to Uncle Septimus; he will recognize

purse, in Edgar's hand, she said:

'Take that to Uncle Septimus: he will recognize it and will repay you. I particularly want him to have the watch. His address—'
She never spoke again, but, with a stifled cry, fell ferward on the floor of the carriage, struggling and writhing in mortal agony. Edgar, guessing this to be either some paroxysm of madness or some sort of fit, grappled with her with all his might,

some vague old memories of Custom House duties fitting through my mind. 'The portunanteau is in there,' I added; for, after all, had I not proof this man was sent by Edgar? Scarcely had I spoken when he dragged the portunanteau is from the adjoining bedroom, and commence I a most curreful examination of the contents. How it chafed me to see those coarse, rough hands turning over my husband's things—things which to me, his wife, would have been sacred!

Was Edgar compelled by the business which had called him awas to stay all mght? This interpretation or the affair occurred to me at seeing two or three articles of dress—after undergoing a strangely close scrutiny—placed on one side. Something fell from the waisteast pocket as the man was folding it. He picked it up, looked at it eagerly, and there hurst from him a sudden, uncontrollable cry of surprise.

'What is that?'

'Nothing.' he answered awkwardly, and thrust it into his own pocket.

'I insist en you showing me what you have got there. It belongs to my husband and not to you, I conclude. Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade. Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade. Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade. Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade. Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade. Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I felt certonellade, Show it instantly,' I said, for I

more greated as the story of the marrier I had just read suddenly stood out before melike a living pretre panned in flames of free.
From the pretty lewelled toy I looked into the face of the man. My eyes were opened then, and I knew him to be a policeman. For the moment I was myself a marderess in thought, wishing I could kill him where he stood.
And he—Mr. Harm ton—my knaban—is accused of—I rasped; then paused.
Of funder. If a mely word, but you would have it, ma am. The gentleman said as how you knew nothing, and needn't know till morning.
But he is innocent? I cried, in agony. He could not do this thing—never—never?
Oth! If you can prove an aibly, he's safe enough; returned the man, in tones that oxpressed more than donly.
Alas! I had not seen Edgar from outling with him on Sanday afternoon until that—Monday-morning. What was there I could do or say to belp him?
But yell is such that was there of could do or say to belp him?
But yell is colothes be held in his arms. Accused's at the—Police Station, where belt in attributed in the bundle of clothes be held in his arms. Accused's at the—Police Station, where belt is say right enough till morning. Can't was to more time here. Good-night, ma'am.
And carrying with him the 'veldence,' he left me alone in my misery.
It was no mere dream, no nightmare, from which I should presently awake and smile as at terrors past. It was a most learful reality this charge against my husband. I sank upon the floor, overwhelmed for a moment by the hortor of it. The next. I sprang to my seet, seized with a sudden subtle instruction.
Summoning the waiter, I said to him as collective seed of the charge, and there were against my husband. I sank upon the floor, overwhelmed for a moment by the hortor of it. The next. I sprang to my seet, seized with a sudden subtle instruction.

Summoning the waiter, I said to him as collective seed the hortor of the collective sin point of the charge had been placed by her uncle, with the last few when the bed of the charge had been placed by the runce

for-for— ? I inquired anxiously, though I could not conclude the sentence.

'He seemed fully to understand my reasons for acting as I did,' answered my husband, 'and was even kind enough to say he thought that under such very exceptional circumstances many a man would have done the same. It was an error in judgment. Mr. Gooderingham has promised to see us off on Wednesday, to wish as Godspeed.

Shortly after our arrival in India I received a letter from my old friend Dr. Grey. Commenting on Edgar's very narrow escape of being tried for murder, he added this most characteristic remark:

'It is my firm conviction—and I have not studied humanity more than half a century for nothing that no man would have placed himself by his own act in such a predicament as Harington aid, if he had had a head for whist."

Ab, well! we are very happy now. But I may

Ah, well! we are very happy now. But I may safely say that never in all our lives to come shall we commemorate with anything approaching, the anniversary of our terrible wedding-day.—[The

MR. BOKER'S INDEPENDENCE.

Constantinople Letter to The Philadelphia Press.

Hons. George P. Marsh, E. Joy Morris, Wayne MacVengh, George H. Boker and Horace Maynard have left behind them memories of accomplished men. Mr. Boker was, perhaps, exceptionally a favorite. The diplomatic skill he showed in effecting an arrangement between Turkey and Persia when others had failed won him much cetat, and his fine presence and manly bearing gained his country no slight esteem. He was a thorough American, with none of that dawdling reverence for European countries that disgraces so many Ministers and Consuls. He claimed for his country as high a piace as any, and he would breok no slight, real or famened. According to diplomatic etiquette the Grand Vizier returns in person the calls of Ambassadors only. Ministers resident, to which class the American representative belongs, must be centent with officers of less exalted position. Mr. Boker had, however, been on quite intimate terms with Ednem Pacha, and had received many calls from him. In the whirlight of Turkish official life Edhem Pacha gave place to Mahmoud Neslim, a Turk of the old school, the very meanmation of old-time Moslem pride and prejudice. Mr. Boker made the usual call of congratulation, but received none in return, and was given to understand that none would be made. A few days later both were pres-Constantinople Letter to The Philadelphia Press the usual call of congratulation, but received none in return, and was given to understand that none would be made. A few days later both were present at a diplomatic reception. As Mr. Boker met the Grand Vizier, he cooling turned upon his hed, leaving the astonished Pacha to digest this unusual course of treatment as best he might. It was successful, for the next day the vizierial carriage stopped at the door of Mr. Boker's hotel and the call was returned.

THE HEADSMAN OF PARIS.

From the London Globe.

M. Deibler, the Paris executioner, enjoys a sine-cure. Since M. Grévy was called to the presidency of the Republic, the ideas of Victor Hugo have been allowed to prevail, and no executions have taken place. . . The actual guillotine differs considerably from that which is seen at Madame Fussand's and is supposed to have rendered such sangunary service to the first Republicans. As Monsieur de Paris remarks, it is perfection itself, and none but a churl would refuse to place his neck in the lanette on a line with the bright sharp knives which are kept locked in a leather case at the private residence of the dread official, close to La Requette. M. Deibler is a quiet man, impressed with the functions intrusted to him. He is of a retiring disposition, as if aware that the office he holds places him beyond the pale of ordinary men, and causes him to be locked down on by the rest of his fellow creatures. No ona would think, while visiting him in his quiet home, that he has been the means of hurrying hundreds into eternity, or would remember how Troppmann, the marderer of the Kinck tamily, has bitten bim to the bone when he was assisting at the execution of one of the most cold-blooded assassin of modern into eternity, or would remember how Troppmann, the murderer of the Kinck family, had bitten him to the bonderer of the Kinck family, had bitten him to the bonderer of the most cold-blooded assassins of modern times. The apartment he occupies is over the stable where the guildtine is kept, packed away until it is wanted for use, and those who describe their visits to the executioner, and relate how he cut a trues of straw in two to show the working of his instrument, have every reason to be thankful for a well-developed imagination. M. Deibler is a tailor by trade, and more than one workingman in the quarter of La Roquette has had his clothesrepaired by him. He is not a communicative man, and the idea that his name will appear in print makes him nervous, for on one or two occasions he has been taken to task by the Parnsian journalists, who have accused him of unnecessary roughness. His looks hardly bear out such a charge, for there is nothing of the bully about him, ard those who meet him of a Sunday afternoon, when he takes his wife out for a walk with him along the boulevards, would take him to be an ordinary workingman bent on enjoyment.

There is nothing picturesque about him. The tights and the red leather jerkin of his predecessor are quite unknown to him. He thinks it due to the solemnity of the occasion, when his services are required, to wear a suit of black clothes and a stovepipe hat. He is a plan, matter-of-fact man, none too brave if what his wife says is true. He requires, according to her version, a considerable number of "Dutch drops" before his courage can be raised to

too brave if what his wife says is true. He requires, according to her version, a considerable number of "Dutch drops" before his courage can be raised to concert-pitch. He accepted the post on the resignation of M. Heindrich, whose valet he had been for many years. Custom has not hardened him. He seems to feel the responsibility of shedding the blood of a fellow creature, more especially in cases with prisoners like Morean, the herbalist of Saint Denis, who declared at the foot of the guillotine that he died innocent. Most of those who have passed through the hands of the present executioner have admitted their guilt, but even so he remains gloomy and silent for several days afterwards. The Government pays him about £160 per annum. Out of this sum he has to provide his assistants, and no perquisites are attached to his office. The condemned man is brought out of La Roquette with his coat thrown over his shoulders to hide the vest and shirt which have been cut away so as not to impede the downward stroke of the knife. The coat is removed when the criminal is pushed against the lank which throws him forward on to the guilloremoved when the criminal is pushed against the plank which throws him forward on to the guillo-tine, and this garment is the only guerdon of the

Young Lady (just from bearding-school, at dinner table)—"Piease, paps, I'd like a leg of the roast chicken." Paps—"You have had one, my dear, and your brother had the other." Young Lady (in a sprightly manner)—"Oh. sure enough! a chicken has only two legs. It's a duck that has four."—(Harper's Bazar."

He was at breakfast, wrestling with a piece of remarkably tough yeal. His wife said to him—"You always say there's something to be thankful for in everything. I fancy you'd be puzzled to find something to be thankful for in that yeal." "Not at all: I was just thinking how grateful we should be if we met it when it was young."